

...STORY \*\*\*  
(Drama, 1976). The Oscar-winning modern fairy tale about a Philadelphia pug (Sylvester Stallone) who is kissed by the fates and transformed from a dumb, likeable loser into a dumb, likeable winner. Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire. (2 hrs. 30 min.)

# APA - FILK

Mailing # 40

NOV. 1 1988

SATURDAY- MAY 31st

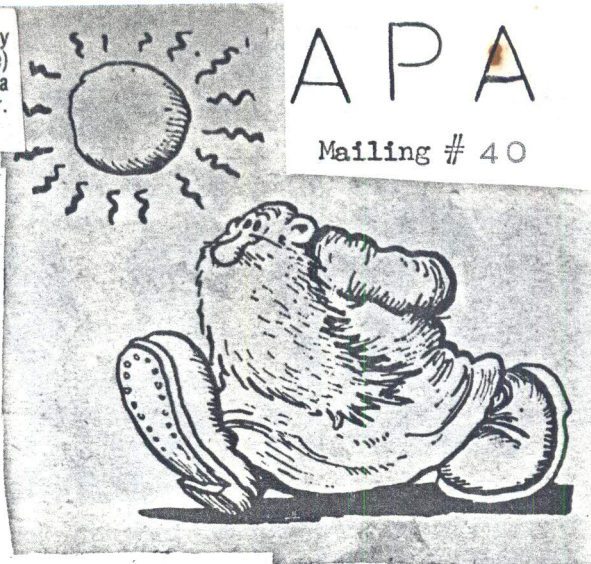
## KEN JACOBS

will be present a  
3D-Film-Performance-  
"XCXHXEXRXIXEXSX"  
(This a change from  
the original program)  
Starting Time: 8PM

### No seed limit

Get out the Polaroid! Foy Rogerson over in Robersonville, N.C., done grew himself a 270-pound watermelon in his patch. "I'd go out there every morning and talk to them," he said. "I'd turn the truck radio wide open and play music for them. They seemed to like Conway Twitty."

HOW  
AWESOMELY  
WONDERFUL!



DO ALL REPORTERS  
GO THROUGH SUCH  
TRIALS TO  
GET THEIR  
STORIES?



**'H**USH, HUSH, nobody cares! Christopher Robin has fallen downstairs," goes the rhyme by A.A. Milne.

★★★★

### EXPLORING FIRE ISLAND

## A new offering from the land of Atlantis

YOU UNDERESTIMATE YOURSELF, KNUTE! YOU HAVE ONE VERY VALUABLE QUALIFICATION



YOU'RE HERE!



I'M BROKE, BUT I'LL SING A SONG FOR A BEER!



I'M DISGUSTED WITH TODAY'S YOUTH



LOOK AT THOSE ROCK PUNKERS



STRUTTING ABOUT IN THEIR ZOOT SUITS



THAT'S MY JULIUS... RIGHT ON TOP OF EVERYTHING



WHAT'S THAT HUMMING SOUND INSIDE THIS CAT?



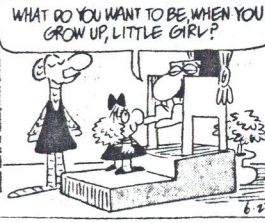
IT'S NATURAL...



THAT'S JUST THE SOUND OF THE CAT'S BODY MANUFACTURING CUTENESS



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE, WHEN YOU GROW UP, LITTLE GIRL?



I WANT TO GO INTO A FIELD WHERE WOMEN EXCEL



WHY DON'T YOU BECOME A WITCH?



WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

I... I PUT SOME CHANGE IN A VENDING MACHINE, AND IT GAVE ME A... A CONDOM!



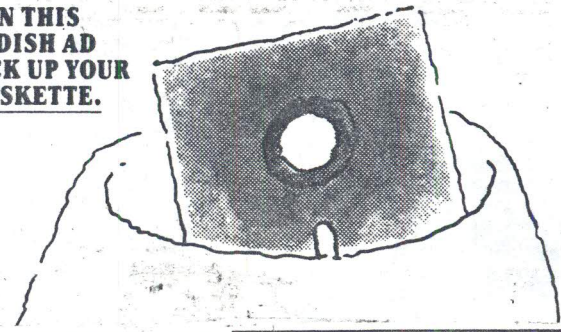
KIND OF AN ADJUSTMENT FOR YOU PROMISCUOUS COLLEGE STUDENTS, HUH?



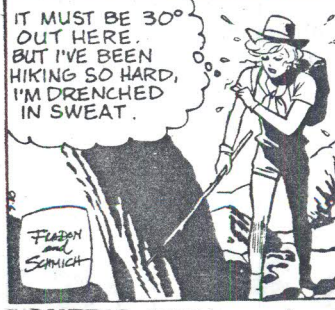
WELL, IT'S JUST A...



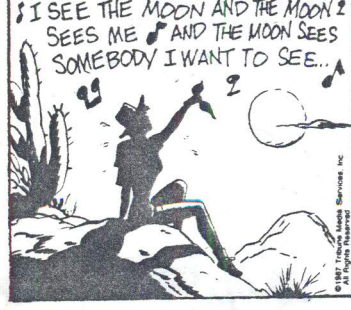
BRING IN THIS DOGGY DISH AD AND PICK UP YOUR FREE DISKETTE.



BRENDA IS HIGH ON ADRENALINE...



...ALMOST DELIRIOUS FROM EXERTION...







Sat. 2/06. Midnight at The Milk Bar. You were wearing the Snoopy jump suit. I had black mini. Never did I want to be Charlie Brown. Now I do. Will you be there on the 20th? I will

### STRIP-O-GRAM-NY'S FINEST

(212) 741-0006

IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO THE WEST VILLAGE LESBIAN CRYSTAL HEALING SUPPORT GROUP. NO MORE ROSE QUARTZ. ONLY SMOKEY THIS WEEK. BLANCH

THANK YOU ST JUDE FOR THE HELP. M.B.

There's something you do just three times a year. And I do suggest that you change, OK DEAR? See, THEY say practice makes perfect and I do agree. The proof's in the pudding. Go no further than me!

Although hating to be cast in the role of muck-raker, I feel I must present the following. I do so with the sincere hope that the weaker among us will survive the shock, and live more aware and richer lives. Here are the myths, and alas, the truths.

1. A woman has never played pro football. — Sorry chauvinists, but in 1963, Wanda (Queen Kong) Lust played for brief time as fullback for the Pittsburgh Steelers. She was involved in one play, and was gang tackled on the 32 yd. line. It took almost five minutes to unravel the pile up. The three paternity suits arising from the play are still pending in Pennsylvania courts.

2. Wilt Chamberlain is tall. — This misconception has been around for many years now, and shattering it is long over-due. Chamberlain is *not* tall, but simply appears to be because of his great height.

## This Smoke Signals Relief

Crack abuse has engendered so much fear that use of the so-called gateway drugs — alcohol and marijuana — seems almost acceptable. A Long Island couple recently arrived at Daytop Village in the company of their 14-year-old son, saying they wanted to see a drug counselor.

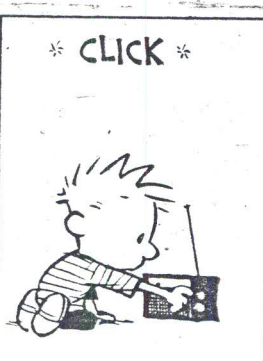
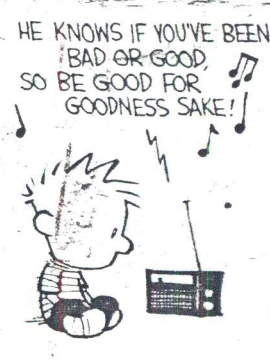
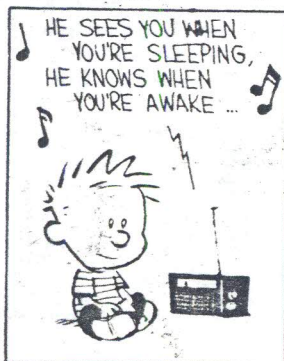
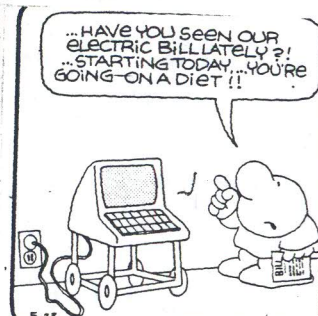
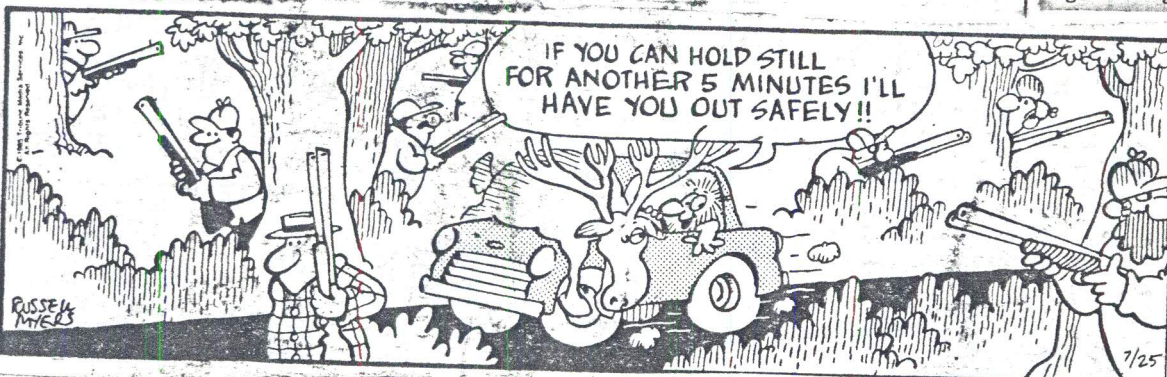
"We know he's using something," the father told Kevin Krol, the Daytop Village counselor.

After a conference with the child in an adjoining room, Krol rejoined the child's parents.

"Your son is smoking marijuana," Krol told them.

The father let out a sigh of relief, his shoulders dropping.

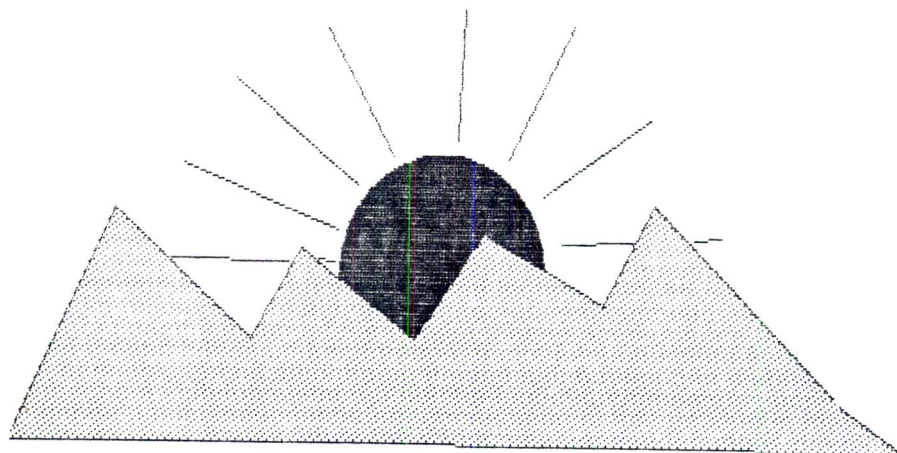
"Thank God," he said, hugging his wife. "We thought it was something bad."



**MICHAEL JACKSON** fans, take note! Our hero has just found the ideal name for his pet giraffe who romps at the private zoo at Michael's Encino, Calif., estate. Since the giraffe is tall, and Michael likes basketball, he's named it Kareem, in honor of a gent he looks up to, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Michael also just obtained a new pet: a tarantula. He's named it Blackula!



# FILKERS DO IT 'TILL DAWN



Harold Groot  
2285 Deborah Dr. #2  
Santa Clara, CA 95050  
(408) 985-9564

Hello again. I haven't been writing new songs because our group (WINDBOURNE - Rilla Heslin, Karen Rodgers, Kathy Ring, Donna Banzhof, and myself) has been busy putting out a tape ("Echoes on the Wind"). As seems to be typical in the business, it was a little bit harder and took a bit longer than expected.

It was originally scheduled to be out in time for Bayfilk (the first week of March). It was a last minute mad dash from the printer (inserts) to the tape people to get them stuffed and in shrink-wrapping, then throw them in the van and drive them up from San Diego. The group had several varieties of sore throats/flu/etc., but by golly we had our tape ready and we were going to perform and nothing was going to stop us and we would sell a lot of tapes and .....

We finally got a chance to examine the product carefully. The printer had made a number of errors. While we might have been able to live with the minor ones, the final straw was when we noticed that they had left off copyright credits for Wizard. We couldn't release the tape. Then I got a chance to hear the tape itself. The people who had done the repro had put the levels up so high they were in saturation (which makes things sound terrible). So we couldn't even send off samples. Sigh.

The performance itself went well, all things considered. We had no opportunity to set sound levels for the synthesizer before the performance, so it got out of hand during one song. Although everyone was down with colds/flu/etc., we had enough strong medicine to get through the performance (and adreneline helped, too). Of course, on stage you can hear every little bobble and you think you did poorly. It's only listening to the tapes afterwards that you realize that most of the bobbles were insignificant.

Those who know me know that I am usually a FILO Filker (First In, Last Out). The only singing I did for the entire con was our performance set. Since I didn't want to spread the whatever - it - was, I didn't do much socializing and I let my taper do the listening.

I returned home from the convention feeling pretty lousy, only to have to face a death in the family that week, and another a few weeks later. Some friends were very supportive, which I greatly needed and appreciated.

Back in San Diego, the rest of the group was trying to get the tape re-done. The printer agreed to redo the insert, and the duplicator agreed to redo the tape. The problem was, the tape duplicator needed to be fixed, and it needed a new part. This part had to be sent over from Japan! This took about three months. On the good side, we found some art by Sue Dawe that was perfect for the cover. Of course, this meant we had to have color separation processes, etc. And in the (new) mad rush that followed, nobody told the printer to add Sue's cover credits to the insert. So the entire run had to be unwrapped, Sue's name added by hand, and then the whole run had to be re-shrunk wrapped.

The bottom line is that the tape was barely ready for Westercon in Phoenix for the July 4 weekend, but we got a quality product out at last. The tape was studio recorded at The Tracking Station, put on CrO2 tape with Dolby(TM), has a wonderful cover, and it even sounds pretty darn good. We performed at one of the filks (there were several) and got a good reception. The dealers reported good sales for a new cassette, and so we're off and running.

The contents:

- |                                |                                       |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Raven Banner                | 1. Vampire Baby Boogie (Fly-by-Night) |
| 2. Giant                       | 2. Rose                               |
| 3. Free in the Harbor... Again | 3. Wizard                             |
| 4. Spirit                      | 4. Lies                               |
| 5. Richter Scale               | 5. When the Wind Blows                |
| 6. Mists of Time               |                                       |



The crass, commercial details: Copies of the tape can be ordered from me. \$10 each, dealers (10 or more copies) for \$6 each, distributors (50 or more) for \$5 each, plus postage and handling). Bob Laurent will be distributing the tapes, as will Chris Thorsen, but we're looking for more. Roberta, are you interested in expanding your line? Margaret?

WINDBOURNE will also have two songs each on two of Chris Thorsen's tapes, which will be out soon. It's a good thing several of us are night owls, as the taping started at around midnight and wound up around 5 AM.

I mentioned the filking at Westercon was in several rooms. From the rumors I heard (let me emphasize that they are rumors) it was because of friction on how to run the filking - bardic circle advocates vs performers circle backers, etc., with several filkers going off to room parties (possibly to stay out of the middle of the battle). From personal experience I can say that the scheduled filkroom had a bardic circle going, and another room had a performers circle (sort of). There was only one scheduled concert set (by Joe Bethancourt). While there were rumors about signups for more concerts, it never materialized.

I also did some gaming at Westercon. There were three of us from San Jose that game together - Corey and Lori Cole and myself. We entered the open AD&D tournament (5 sections with 5 people each, or 25 total). Lori took 1st place, I took 2nd, and Corey took 3rd. Lori and Corey said they both thought I should have gotten first, but I think Lori deserved it. The first round was surprisingly good, as my group had 4 good players (I only edged out the second place finisher by one point, 23 to 22). This was NOT, by the way, an RPGA tournament - I will go out of my way to avoid those.

In late April I got a letter saying that 'Free in the Harbor... Again' won Honorable Mention in the media division of the NESFA filk contest at Boskone (which is in January). They didn't bother to tell me who won - does anybody know? It's sort of amusing to see that the most fuss in APA-FILK from my last contribution stems not from 'Free...', but from a bit of doggeral thrown in to fill up space ('Pigpen Mallomar').

About a week ago as I write this, WINDBOURNE was invited to perform at NOLACON. In fact, we may be opening the concert. This has created a lot of new hassles, as most of the group had not felt they could arrange the time off and/or the money to go to New Orleans. The invitation tipped the balance, though, and the time and money will be found somehow. We will be singing some songs from the first tape and some songs that we plan to put on the second tape.

If anyone noticed that the Grace Notes section is missing, it's because I don't have the last several issues nearby as I write this. Maybe next time I can catch up a bit. Maybe I could even write a new song (if I remember how - it's been a while).

KEEP ON FILKING!







JERSEY FLATS #17, November 1988

Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410-1124

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## The Annual Rogow World-Con Report

New Orleans won the WorldCon bid because they throw the best parties and no one particularly wanted to go to St. Louis. So everyone went to New Orleans...but where was the Con?????????

Item 1: The Committee...wasn't there! As I learned later, the Con Com Chair had to go into the hospital, and a lot of stuff still needed a signature, and just didn't get signed...like the final contract that guaranteed the meeting-rooms, like the contract for the bus that was supposed to carry a tour group to a shuttle-craft plant, like the postal meter checks! The result was CHAOS! At least one person was literally shanghaied onto the Committee because she's been involved with LunaCon Ops for so long she can run it in her sleep, which (as she told me on the plane going home) she wound up doing....she never saw much more of New Orleans than the Ops Room!

Item 2: The Program...which was changed hourly. Forget the lovely printed pocket program, because thanks to Item One, none of the rooms contracted for were held, so the Committee wound up scrounging whatever meeting rooms weren't snagged by Baptist Missionaries, Law Enforcement Agencies, and other assorted Mundanes. The "new and improved" program was printed twice a day in the newsletter, assuming you could find where THAT was left..and assuming there were any left after the first 10 minutes. Someone decided that of 150 possible program events, 3 went on at the time and place scheduled: the Masquerade, the Hugo ceremonies, and the Opening Ceremonies. As for the rest, your guess was as good as any.

Remember Atlanta? Two hotels opposite each other across a Main Street? Same in New Orleans...except the street was twice as wide, and just about all the traffic in the city had to use it! Now we know why New Orleans is said to dance all night...they're trying to cross Canal St.!

Item 3: The Masquerade...which was held in a real, live theater about a mile from the two hotels. Dressing rooms had been promised...but the Masquerade Chair was NOT told that of 47 dressing rooms, about 20 were locked...used on a more or less permanent basis by local groups, like the resident orchestra and ballet companies, to store music and costumes. The rest were fought over fiercely, since some groups had nearly 20 people in them, all of whom had elaborate (WIDE) costumes and make-up to put on. Tech rehearsal was a shambles, since the whole theater had to be properly lit before anyone could even step foot on the stage....the music and light cues were scrambled....forget the dandy program, since (as you might figure) the order of the costumes was changed....the mike distorted Robert Silverberg's voice, so he sounded as if he was being patched through via Mars...and the whole thing ran unbelievably long.

Now, you ask, how did the audience get to this extravaganza? Busses were supposed to shuttle people back and forth, and so they did...but the only street wide enough to hold the busses was Canal St., which is also the main shopping street in New Orleans...and this was the last shopping day before school started. AND, just to make life really perfect, the Monsoons came, and the traffic was further bollixed up by



torrential rains (which the local people expected, but the rest of the country's been having a drought...who brought an umbrella?).

I think you get the picture? There were some glorious costumes, but no one was there to see them!

Item 4: The art show...which was, as WorldCon Art Shows are, vast...but the room designated for the voice auctions was so small that some genius made up some new rules: only people with a written bid on an item in that auction could attend, and only people with a written bid on an item could voice bid on it! The artists LOVED that one...no chance of a third party coming along to bid the item up! No drop-ins, and no spectators either!

Once you got your item, you then had to go through the waiting line on Monday morning...they processed about one person every 10 minutes! People paying cash could go right ahead, but anything else...credit cards, travellers checks or personal checks...required photo ID! I was wearing a name tag with my portrait on it...they passed THAT! And all for one little unicorn print for \$10!

Item 5: The Dealers' Room...which was in one of the hotels (thank ghu for small favors!) in a sort of annex...reachable by elevators and escalators which were periodically shut down. We had been informed of the sales tax...anything that big is going to attract the Infernal Revenue We were NOT told that we would have to pay a tax to pay a tax! You heard me right! Every dealer was charged \$10 for a temporary vending license...and the City of New Orleans came around to collect their cut on Sunday afternoon! (the State of Louisiana was more trusting...we could mail in the check when we got home). As for sales...assuming anyone could find my table, they weren't keen on fanzines. I did better at MediaWest!

Item 6: Filking...or, Where is it tonight? There were supposed to be filking rooms going....and there were...if you could figure out which hotel they were in, and where the rooms were...by the time I got there things were going full blast, and I ran into the tacky problem of where to sit...Harold Feld beckoned me over, only it turned out to be someone else's chair...and she had just sung, so I'd have to wait my turn for another hour...and I got an attack of SuperFanItis, and got miffed...and got squashed (quite rightly) for my presumption...and ill-will was generated all around. I did get to hear CJ Cherryh and a few others, and I got a copy of "Books, Books, Books" which I subsequently pinned up to the bulletin board at my library! But I didn't really feel that I'd heard or been heard enough....and the only real Trek-Filk happened on Sunday when I was too exhausted to get to it!

I think you get the idea that I didn't have a very good time at WorldCon...I felt very frustrated for most of it, but I did get to do a few things I want to...I had story conferences with Leslie Fish, C.J. Cherry, and Jean Lorrah about works in progress...I got to do some sightseeing, and ran into a real case of serendipity: the New Orleans city tour includes a visit to the city museum, which has a room full of Faberge knickknacks, Imperial Easter Eggs, etc...and an exhibition of illustrations for de Maupassant stories (talk about illos!). And there was the chance to see some old friends and meet new ones...

But in the end, I had a good time in SPITE of the Con, not BECAUSE of it!

So here is my tribute to "The Mess They Call the WorldCon In New Orleans"



A TRIBUTE TO NOLA-CON  
(to the tune of "City of New Orleans")

Going to a World-Con in New Orleans...  
 Last time one was here was '53;  
 NolaCon Com throws a great bid party...  
 They should know what World-Cons ought to be!  
 So first we head for our hotel,  
 And find that it's filled up as well  
 With Baptist Missionaries and Mundandes...  
 The meeting-rooms are all held back  
 By extra programs for this pack...  
 We'd better see some sights before it rains!  
 Oh, ~~Lordy~~ NolaCon, WHERE ARE YOU!  
 Don't you know us, we're your faithful fen!  
 It's the mess they call the WorldCon in New Orleans;  
 It'll be a cold day in Hell before we come back again!

Panels at the WorldCon in New Orleans?  
 Throw away the program, it's all wrong!  
 Poke your nose in every open doorway,  
 Listen for a bit and string along!  
 In Sheraton or Marriott,  
 Whatever you want, there it's not,  
 It's somewhere in the place across the street;  
 So cross the street and take a chance,  
 This is the home of jazz, so dance,  
 And hope the cars don't knock you off your feet!  
 Oh, Lordy, NolaCon, WHERE ARE YOU?  
 Don't you know us? We're your faithful fen,  
 It's a mess they call the WorldCon in New Orleans...  
 It'll be a cold day in Hell before we come back again!

Masquerade at WorldCon in New Orleans...  
 In a theater clear across the town,  
 Busses tie up all the city traffic,  
 Costumes melt as rain comes pouring down.  
 The dressing rooms are out of bounds,  
 the microphone makes eerie sounds,  
 The costume order's totally undone;  
 Bob Silverberg is getting hoarse,  
 The audience is gone, of course,  
 Before we ever find which costumes won!  
 Oh, lordy, NolaCon, where ARE you?  
 Don't you know us? we're your faithful fen,  
 It's a mess they call the Worldcon in New Orleans,  
 It'll be a cold day in Hell before we come back again!

Hucksters at the WorldCon in New Orleans,  
 Trying to get in to set up shop,  
 Up and down a cranky elevator,  
 Going from the basement to the top.  
 Just stand in line, and pay the fee,  
 The Tax-man cometh after thee,  
 The merchandise gets soaked by ceiling leaks;  
 The buyers here are very few,  
 there's really nothing more to do  
 But hope for better cons in a few more weeks!



Going home from WorldCon in New Orleans...  
 Bourbon Street was dandy, there's no doubt;  
 Lots of spicy food and jazzy music,  
 Isn't that what WorldCon's all about?

But no one heard the Pros at all,  
 No one heard what's new this fall,  
 The shuttle-plant tour never got the news...  
 We had a great time, that is clear,  
 But business went on hold this year...

The fans have got the Dissapearing WorldCon Blues!

Good Lordy, NolaCon, WHERE WERE YOU?

Don't you know us? We're your faithful fen!

It's a mess they call a WorldCon in New Orleans...

It'll be a cold day in Hell before we come back again!

The one Event of the con had nothing to do with Science Fiction and a lot to do with Leslie Fish...my roommate for the Con. She'd decided she wanted to try a drink known as a pousse-café\*. a weird item that consists of various liqueurs poured one on top of the other in layers, so that each layer is individually distinct. It works because each liqueur has a slightly higher specific gravity than the last one...and the result is very beautiful, but potentially lethal!

Each of these liqueurs is almost pure alcohol, with some herbs to add flavor or color...and you're supposed to drink this thing a layer at a time, with snacks and conversation in between. Leslie, of course went to every bartender in ever bar in the Vieux Carré, until she found a mixologist who could concoct this thing. Which he did...while every waiter on Bourbon Street watched eagerly, just to find out how to make this thing! It's quite a production, too...each liqueur has to be poured over a spoon so that it films over the last layer evenly. The result was literally, "a rainbow that can knock you on your keester"!

Leslie drank it down, one layer at a time...after the third layer she couldn't feel her throat. When she was finished she couldn't feel her feet! We got her back to the hotel, where she proceeded to pass out!

I am NOT too sympathetic about this sort of thing! I don't drink alcohol...my drug of choice is caffeine...and while I can see someone imbibing a snootful during a convivial evening, plunking down \$7.50 for this concoction struck me as just a tad overdoing it. ~~While~~ Leslie gave me the "Vulcan finger" (hold the ring and middle fingers together and wiggle the index and pinky, if you can!) I proceeded to compose this:

#### THE BALLAD OF THE POUSSE CAFÉ

or, Why Leslie Fish missed Thursday Night Filking at NolaCon  
 (To the tune of "Toast to Unsung Heroes")

A Fan is walking throught the streets, her eyes are bright as glass,  
 She's looking for "a rainbow that will knock you on your ass".  
 She's gone around the Riverwalk, she hits the Vieux Carré,  
 And all for liquid lightning that they call a "pousse-café"

Step by step the strongest drink  
 Can be made, can be made;  
 Sip by sip the strongest head  
 Can be swayed, can be swayed.

\* Pronounced "POOSS - CAFAY"



And those pretty colors bright  
Can knock you out of sight!  
All you do is mix them right...  
Pousse cafe'...pousse-cafe' !

She questioned every gin-mill boss to find this awful stuff;  
At last she found a barman who could mix it well enough.  
He told her some ingredients were missing, but she said,  
"I've got to try thisousse-cafe'; just fake it, go ahead."

The bartender worked carefully, precise as he could be,  
He looked like Victor Frankenstein who'd gone off on a spree!  
And up and down old Bourbon Street each waiter had to say,  
"I watched the man they day that he made up aousse-cafe'."

So layer on lovely layer there, this fearful drink was built,  
Of grenadine and creme de menthe (and river delta silt);  
A thing of beauty rare it was, quite clear each layer lay...  
This alcoholic dynamite they call aousse-cafe'.

Well, drinks are made for drinking, and somehow this drink went down,  
And somehow someone got the Fan across Big Easy town.  
And when the filkers asked for her, the only thing to say,  
Was, "There's this drink that downed the Fish, it's called aousse-cafe'"

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There is life after WorldCon, and I've been doing several things of interest to APA-Filk:

1. Greg Baker and I finally got together and cut a tape! Yes, fans, after two abortive attempts, Greg managed to schlepp up to New Jersey with wife and baby in tow. I stashed them at the local "overflow guest" motel...the place where people put the relatives they don't have room for at weddings, bar mitzvas and funerals...it's more or less clean, and CHEAP!

Greg and I practiced several songs, and descended on Dave Maskin for a 3-hour marathon...I haven't heard Dave's background music yet, but if the last one is any indication, Dave's getting better at it with each tape. We managed to get some of the "oldies but goodies" in like "Ponn Farr Doll" and "I've Endured", and "The Rebel Pilot's Lament" and we threw in "A Starship Named Bob"...and I put in a lot of New Generation Filk (some of which has appeared on these pages). And we wind up with "I Must Have Done Wrong In My Previous Life".

With any luck at all, this should be ready by Thanksgiving...just the thing for a holiday present for your Loved One!

2. REC-ROOM RHYMES #6 is now in print...as usual I decided to do it at the last minute, and as usual I did something utterly stupid...I worked madly to collate it in time for WorldCon and then I forgot to pack it! So anyone who didn't get it from me at WorldCon can send for it now (still \$4.50 by first class mail)



3. My second story, "Paper Chase" is now in print, in Merovingen Nights #4, "Smuggler's Gold". The third story in my story-line has been RE-re-written and sent off...I'll let you know if it's been accepted in its latest incarnation.

4. New Project Department: I am negotiating with my agent/packager on a possible deal: "Futurespeak...the language of Science Fiction" will be a compilation in dictionary form of words, phrases and proper names (and even some IMPROPER names!) connected with science fiction in all its multitudinous aspects: as literature, as publishing (both professional and amateur), as writing (which is not always literature!), as film-making and as a hobby...which also includes scientific, astronomical, philosophical concepts used in science fiction, and the jargon of science fiction fans. If anyone wants to contribute material to this, all assistance is gratefully accepted...especially the etymology of "ose" (a morbid filk-song); "filk" (does anyone have the original song-sheet that is supposed to have started it all?)...any variations on these?

All of this should keep me pretty well occupied this winter...I will miss PhilCon, but that's my Silver Wedding anniversary...and I will pass on Darkover until the Creation Cons go the way of all pros who overestimate the market! The Creation Con in Newark was a disaster... and I understand the one in San Jose didn't do much better. I MAY make BosKone if my work schedule pans out right...just to do some filking and SMOffing!

ADDITIONAL NOTE: I just saw "Alien Nation"...it works on several levels: It's a pretty good Cop Film, a very good Buddy Film...a pungent satire on the Americanization process (the Newcomer aliens have managed to learn English, live in suburbia, and even have their own underworld kingpin.) It also works as science fiction...the Newcomers are made sufficiently different from humans so as to give the "alien-ness" full play. There were a few cavils about the violence (hell, it's a COP film!)...and the language is practically sanitary next to something like "Red Heat" or "Die Hard". James Caan is very good as the human cop and Mandy Patinkin does very well under a ton of make-up as his Newcomer partner.

I leave with one word for those who ran the Mess in New Orleans: "Your mother mates out of season!" Better luck next time...in 2033!

Keep on Trekkin -- AGAIN!

*Roberta Rogow*



composed by Mike Stein, P. O. Box 10420, Arlington, VA 22210 (703)241-2927  
UUCP: { decvax, uunet }!decuac!c3pe!stein CompuServe: 71131,2043

Somehow I seem to have missed the last issue. Working 60+ hours per week will do that to you. This too will be a quickie, as my work schedule has not let up. There will be, I regret to say, no mailing comments - I have misplaced my last issue. Very embarrassing.

The big news is that my Martin twelve-string is back home, in better shape than I had dreamed possible. Not only does it sound as nice as ever, but they repaired it so well that only if you look closely can you tell that it was damaged. It cost \$355 plus shipping, but it is insured under a floater on my renter's insurance. While I was at it, I had them replace the bridge, which had been shaved down, and fix a small crack near the pickguard which predated Braniff's untender non-mercies. It comes home just in time, too - Ohio Valley Filk Fest is this coming weekend, and I need it for one song which just wouldn't be the same with a six-string. Perseid, included this issue, works well on either. In fact, I haven't decided which I like better, though I lean slightly towards a six - and if I had a six-string of comparable quality to the Martin, the leaning might be more than slight. I'm actually starting to get good enough on guitar that I might deserve a better six, except that the blue/green/teal guitar has sort of become my trademark. I mean, I even wrote a song about it.

Worldcon was all work for me; I got to see very little of either the con or Nawlins. As a member of the DC in '92 committee [ From the Fannish Dictionary - Bid Committee - a bunch of crazy fen who ought to be committed ], I was working a lot of hours for the bid, tending the party suite, blowing up our balloons, making party posters, and - of course, since I wrote a song about it - running the bar in the party suite. We had announced a 24-hour party, but because the Sheraton screwed up the reservations, we were not blocked around the party suite as requested, and noise complaints forced us into a compromise - shut down at 3AM and open at 10AM. We were actually all secretly relieved - we could get some sleep! I also spent twelve hours staffing the medical services desk. As many of you now know, the New Orleans concon had their heads so far up their asses that they could see out their mouths. Only the intervention of the Permanent Floating Worldcon Committee - such people as Robbie Cantor from LA and our own Kent Bloom - turned an unmitigated disaster into a mitigated one. A special comment to Roberta Rogow - I spoke with Elizabeth Pearse, and she told me that the policy was that only time people whose names were not on the bid sheet would not be allowed to bid was for the final disposition of items which did not make it to the last general voice auction. Either the person you spoke with did not accurately transmit the situation, or someone misinterpreted the policy.

I did make it to a few of the concerts. I saw Barb Riedel and Carol Poore, with special guest stars Bill Roper and Clif Flynt (and also heard the news that Carol and Bill are getting married!) and Technical Difficulties. The arrangement of Dreamer's Lament I mentioned last issue turned out to be unsingable, as they never told me their vocal ranges. However, they did keep chunks of it that they could handle, including an augmented transition chord that I was especially pleased with. I also made it to a couple of the night filks for varying lengths of time.



Perseid

Words and music copyright 1988 by Michael P. Stein

e  
Out in the country late at night,  
a7 D  
And the blinding glare of the city's light  
E  
Cannot be seen a hundred miles away.

e  
Millions of stars dot heaven's span,  
a7 D  
And at long last, I can understand  
E  
Why they call this galaxy the Milky Way.

a d  
Then from the corner of my eye  
G A  
I catch a streak across the sky,

Which in a moment disappears.  
a d  
And then again a golden flash,  
G7 a  
A tiny planet turned to ash  
asus2 a  
After a journey of a half a billion years.

Watching the blaze of summer skies  
In the woods alone makes me realize  
The distant worlds that I shall never know.  
Far from the harsh reality,  
My imagination goes flying free  
To places that my flesh can never go.  
I wonder if the human race  
Will find its destiny in space,  
And grow beyond the need for tears,  
Or are we just a golden flash,  
And will the promise turn to ash  
After a journey of a half a million years?

Standing in silent reverie,  
While I dream of how the world might be,  
The gentle golden rain continues on.  
Finally the Perseid shower's ceased,  
As I notice in waking east,  
The first cold pale grey light before the dawn.  
Then from the corner of my eye  
Comes one last streak across the sky.  
I wonder, will it disappear?  
Or will there be a blinding flash,  
And will our planet turn to ash,  
asus2 a asus2  
The journey ending now in anger, pain and fear?



SINGAPORE 40th' Stanza, APA-Filk #40 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 E 18th St #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / Oct. ?; reconstructed 29, 1988

It wasn't until I got to my hotel at Worldcon that I realized that a song I'd learned in camp over 20 years ago about a man trying to find a whore on Canal Street referred to New Orleans' rather than to the one on NYC's Lower East Side (and no, I hadn't been looking). Saturday night, a friend & I strolled down Bourbon Street in the French Quarter, poking our heads into the open doorways of jazz clubs (one proudly proclaimed itself the site of Storyville's best-known bordello), catching varied styles; one even had a tap dancer. On the filk front, I saw Roberta & both Harolds; heard from Bill Sutton about Thor Records (Chrys Thorsen); and helped the Golds set up a filk room. Lee announced the bimonthly zine Xenofilkia; deadline for #2 is Nov. 7, #3 Jan. 7; further details from herat 3965 Alla Road, Los Angeles, CA 90066 / (213) 306-7456.

With Anakreon  
otherwise occupied, it falls to me to take note of the Election with this Mark Russell filk from 1976. Some things never change.  
(Happily, though, a few buzzwords from that time, notably "ethnic purity", have been forgotten. But this campaign has had its own.)

I am the very model of a candidate political,  
I act upon the premise that the public is uncritical,  
I shy away from concepts such as verbal specificity  
And always smile accordingly at charges of duplicity.  
In neighborhoods where I believe that I can speak with surety  
I tell them as a gentleman that I'm for ethnic purity,  
But if alas a storm grows up and someone is offended,  
sir,  
I simply say, I'm sorry, that is not what I intended,  
sir..  
On questions controversial my response is often mystical,  
It's best to be equivocal and shun replies statistical.  
On both sides of a question I can speak with rash impunity  
And I can sing a different song and please each damn community.  
I'd gladly say what pleases every different kind of resident  
Until I count enough of them to vote for me as President  
In short, because I bear in mind that winning's very critical, I am the very model of (etc.)

----- THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #39 -----

COVER: The Far Side caption reads "Infamous moments in jazz."

FANNISH NO-NO SONG/Greg Baker: Liked "Don't kill the trees to give me paper, please," but there are way many scansion problems.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: I had a hand in a line or so of "The Man Who Smuggles the Contras' Guns". You do North a disservice by calling him a "Lieutenant Criminal"; he is a full Criminal. // Eugene Field was not taught in my high school. // Liked the idea of playing "O say can you see?" to an ump. // I can't imagine those medical terms scanning. // & me: Now you know why Lunacon's motto was "Kill Seth!" # When Dukakis went over the top, they played not "Happy Days Are Here Again" but Sousa's "Liberty Bell March" (better known as the Monty Python theme). // & Feld: You're less harsh re Heinlein in Dagon. // & y: So "ass" has nothing to do with donkeys? I'd guess "Eskimo Nell" was by a Canadian, dating from the Yukon Gold Rush which brought wild Americans into Canada. // I've already asked about detasseling. // Dylan used to do songs about Hattie Carroll and Hurricane Carter. // Actually, Who's Had Who is the victim of private lawsuit rather than govt censorship. // Despite Off Centaur's hopes, there wasn't a "Filk Hugo"; too many individual songs were nominated for any single one to make it onto the ballot for "Other Forms".

DOWN & OUT IN BOSTON & PRINCETON/Harold Feld: & Mike Stein: Glad Leslie's friends are trying to save her. # It's "Cranes Over Hiroshima".

(I miss my computer.) I'll be missing collation for Philcon. See a few of you there. *MB*









# ANAKREON

#40

APA-  
FILK  
Mailing  
#40

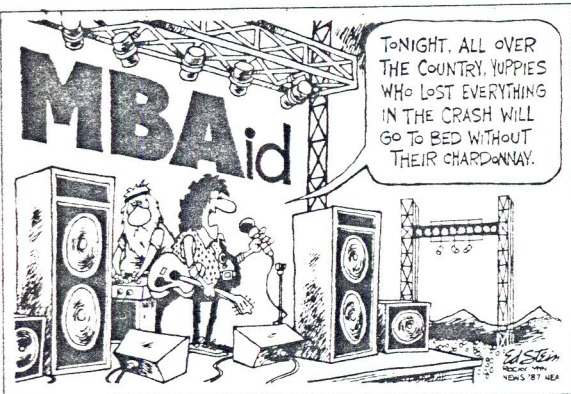
**Q.** I implore you to answer my question as promptly as possible. It is important to many people besides myself. I've heard that Presidential hopeful Gov. Michael Dukakis has appointed an official witch to his staff. If this is true, is she still in office? What would prompt an intelligent man to do such a thing? Doesn't he realize that such an abomination will be held against him come voting time?—Kathy Hamilton, Charleston, W.Va.

**A.** You need have no fear. Governor Dukakis has never trafficked with witches of any kind.

1 November 1988



In this issue:  
The tenth supplement to  
"That Real Old-Time Religion"...



...oh, you know: Freya, Toutatis, Zeus, Dazhbog - those ones!

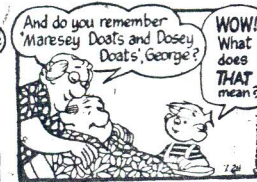
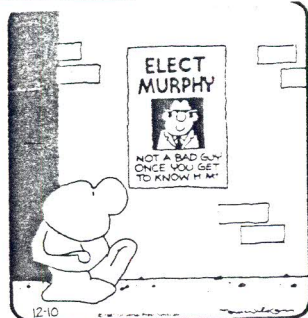


## Small war over song on Quayle

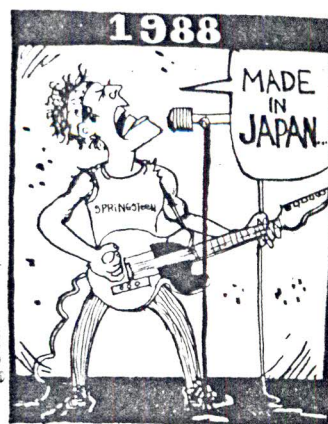
The puns on his last name began immediately after Dan Quayle became the Republican vice-presidential candidate. Then came the issue of his National Guard service, and along with it a song lampooning him, called "I Spent the War in Indiana."

It was written quickly by a disc jockey, Tom Griswold, and a musician, Rickey Rydell, both from Indiana, and played quickly on a radio station in Quayle territory, Indianapolis. And, also quickly, it was pulled from the air.

Griswold and his broadcast partner on a morning radio show premiered the song on Monday. Sample lyrics: "I spent the war in Indiana;/ Getting shot was not for me./ I never went to 'Nam;/ I never saw Saigon;/ I only watched it on TV." Station manager Chris Wheat said the song was removed from the air at around 9 a. yesterday, and that a decision will be made soon whether to play it again.







News Item: SONY acquires CBS RECORDS.

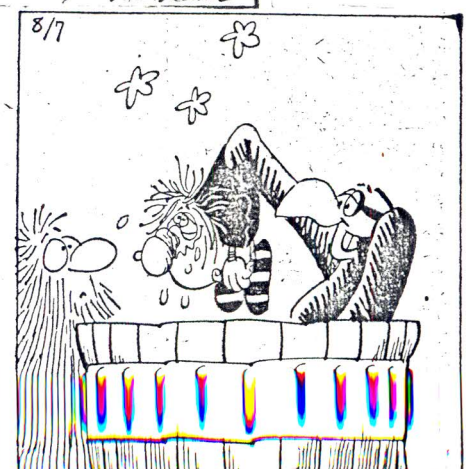
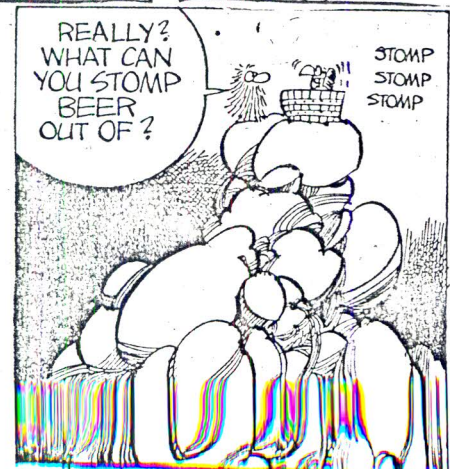
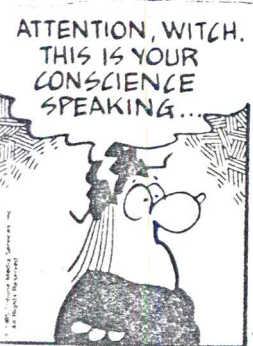
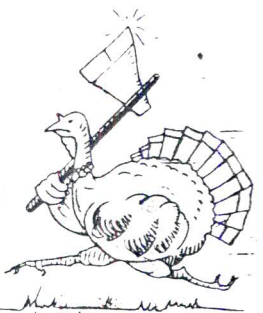


## SHOPPING LIST

### TRICK OR TREAT

What Halloween paraphernalia costs around town

- State News  
2380 Broadway  
Ronald Reagan mask: \$18.95  
Dracula mask: \$6.99  
Witch mask: \$7.99
- Hallmark Card Shop  
817 Third Ave.  
"Fun" blood: 98 cents  
E-Z Off makeup soap: \$1.39  
Glow-in-dark fangs: 49 cents  
Rubber gorilla mask: \$14.99  
Rubber skull mask: \$14.98
- Pathmark  
86th and Second  
Talking monster mask: \$9.99  
Cabbage Patch mask: \$1.99  
Sequined mask: \$2.99
- What a Card  
288 Third Ave.  
Devil's trident: \$4  
Nixon rubber mask: \$40  
Ayatollah Khomeini mask: \$40  
Witch's hat: \$3.60





# THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION

(tenth supplement)

Every year at this time Pagans celebrate Samhain, the old Keltic New Year, and, Christians mark a feeble imitation of it called "All Saints' Day" or "All Hallows' E'ev", the latter contracted to "Hallowe'en". Ever since 1980 (or "9980" as some Neo-Pagans call it), ANAKREON has marked this holiday with yet more verses to the Neo-Pagan filksong "That Real Old-Time Religion"

In recent years the verses have been fewer in number, but enough come in to justify the continuation of this feature. Therefore, ANAKREON's 1 November issue is from now on being devoted to other topics as well as to the annual up-dating of these verses.

612. Praise Prometheus fire giver  
Who gave man a burning sliver  
Zeus turned him into chopped liver  
For his generosity.  
(And on crackers he's tasty.) (HF)

CHORUS: Give me that old-time religion,  
Give me that old-time religion,  
Give me that old-time religion,  
It's good enough for me.

613. If you step outside your moira  
Or if powers you enjoy-ra  
Then the gods will come destroy ya  
Bless and keep 'em far from me. (HF)

614. The king of gods is Zeus  
He'll screw anything that moves  
In the form of ox or goose  
Bless and keep 'em far from me. (HF)

615. Zeus has a wife named Hera  
She's quite jealous of her fellah  
And her wrath is truly terra-  
ble, so keep her far from me. (HF)

616. When Vulcan starts construction  
On his weapons of destruction  
We are fried in great eruptions  
Bless and keep 'im far from me. (HF)

617. Actaeon once in the bogs  
Saw Artemis without her togs  
Now he's gone straight to the dogs  
Bless and keep her far from me. (HF)

618. Let us worship Dionysus  
For his province is the nicest  
Red or white served over ices  
Hic! It's good enough for me. (HF)

619. To challenge Great Minerva  
Well Arachne had some nerve-ah  
Now the flies are her hors d'oeuvres,  
Bless and keep her far from me. (HF)

620. The followers of Mars  
All display such manly scars  
Where Goths have kicked them in the arse  
Bless and keep them far from me. (HF)

621. When your head starts feeling  
flighty  
And your passions run so mighty  
It's because of Aphrodite  
Bless and keep her far from me. (HF)

622. Floods of Father Neptune's wrath  
Cover all that's in their path  
What a way to take a bath!  
Bless and keep them far from me. (HF)

623. A gambler's folly one can see  
Is to trust in Mercury  
When he's the god of lies and thieves  
Bless and keep him far from me. (HF)

624. In the realm of mighty Hades  
Labor fifty lovely ladies  
For their past is somewhat shady  
Bless and keep them far from me. (HF)

625. Let us praise the female Kelt  
Who made Roman legions melt  
Doing battle in her pelt  
She's good enough for me! (RG)

626. There's a coven that's all yuppie,  
They put Perrier in their cuppie,  
And their pentacle is floppy,  
But they're not good enough for me. (RG)



627. Wish the Rites of Spring would  
haappen

Every month, if not more often;  
Once-a-year is not enough, an'  
It's good enough for me. (RG)

628. Here's a verse for Pete Seeger  
Here's a verse for Pete Seeger  
With a song he's always eager  
And that's good enough for me. (RG)

629. Let us take over the nation,  
Put an end to regulation  
And restore civilization  
'Twill be good enough for me. (RG)

630. All you Flower Children yearning  
Now the cycle is a-turning  
And the 'sixties are returning  
And that's good enough for me! (RG)

631. Oh we don't want Mike Dutaxus  
No we don't want Mike Dutaxus  
On Election Day don't ax us  
He's not good enough for me, (RG)

There are only three contributors this year: Harold Feld (HF), Rus Gulevitch (RG), and myself (JB). While looking over previous issues I found that I had mistakenly attributed #583 to JB; it was actually written by RG.

There may be a few problems with HF's contributions, not bounded by problems with the rhyme and scansion. As befits someone who resolutely ate kosher at a recent s-f convention in New Orleans (!), he seems very tentative about speaking of the Old Gods, and uses the ritual "bless and keep 'em far from me" rather too frequently for the taste of most Neo-Pagans. (As Judy Harrow once put it, "I wasn't always a shiksa.")

A few of the verses have received further commentary, usually from their authors.

613. "Moira...is the ancient Greek word for fate. Each person has his/hers and stepping beyond your proper bounds leads to catastrophe." This was also the name initially given by Marion and Walter Breen to their daughter, but she objected to it when she reached her teens, and now goes by another one.

624. "The 'fifty lovely ladies"...are the Danaids, who murdered their husbands. They spend eternity trying to fill leaky pots." Oddly enough, Loki's wife Sigyn is trying to empty a full one.

627. "Since it takes place in Massachussetts, I don't feel I'm cheating on the rhyme by putting in a New England accent."

631. "The spelling of the candidate's name on many Taxachusetts bumperstickers." Because of his endorsement of the first use of nuclear weapons, I have also heard him called "the Nuclear Duke" or "Duke Kakos".

635. The author recommends that this be put at the end of this year's collection, and sung at the end of a session.

Rus Gulevitch also sends along a verse about what will happen when the Pagan Nation meets the Bomb. He composed it on the Autumnal Equinox of this year, and sent it along with the above verses. He recommends that the word "BOMB" be sung "bbOMB!" to sound like an explosion.

632. Lick a Bush in '88

Lick a Bush in '88

Thanks but no-thanks, I just ate.  
It's not good enough for me. (RG)

633. Wayland Smith was maimed and  
fettered

To an anvil all rune-lettered,  
But King Nidhudh's folk he bettered,  
And that's good enough for me. (JB)

634. There's a god whose name's four  
letters,

And he wants us all in fetters,  
But we're all Big Mama's debtors,  
And she's good enough for me! (JB)

635. Keep the Sabbat fires glowing,  
Keep the cup of wine a-flowing,  
Keep this good old song a-going,  
It's good enough for me! (RG)



## GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is a quarterly amateur publication on filksongs and filksinging. It is published by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302, and circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association devoted to this hobby. ANAKREON also goes to all people who receive my science-fiction and fantasy fanzine DAGON.

APA-Filk is collated on the first day of each February, May, August, and November. The deadline for the 41st Mailing is Wednesday 1 February 1989. The copy count for APA-Filk is 60. If you would like to get APA-Filk, send me \$5 or \$10, and I'll send you your copies, billing you for postage and the (25¢) envelope. I will keep you posted on the state of your account. Including mailing costs for this present 40th Mailing, your balance stands in the blank to the right. Accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Lesley Lyons	-49¢
Sally & Barry		Randall McDougall	-65¢
Childs-Helton	-74¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢
John J. Cleary III	-38¢	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Paul Doerr	-50¢	Dana Snow	-15¢
		Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Dave Klapholz	-62¢		

Three APA-Filk members have positive balances, but their mailings cannot be sent to them because I do not have current addresses for them. They are, with their balances:

Mistie M. Joyce	\$6.86	Paul Willett	\$1.37
Deirdre & Jim Rittenhouse	\$1.40		

Players who get both APA-Filk and APA-Q from me will find their accounts listed in the next issue of APA-Q.

APA-Filk cover #39 (Blackman): Mark Blackman sent in this cover, which commemorates the last World Science-Fiction Convention at New Orleans and also marks the connection of that city with jazz. Unfortunately, the photoduplicating machine to which I have access was just then going through a phase where it made unusually dark copies, and time was pressing. Mark's collage therefore came out rather too dark.

Singspiel #39 (Blackman): My Deanna Troi verse referred to an obscure mistake by TV Guide, which misinterpreted her title of "Counsellor" and called her the ship's "lawyer".

The pronunciation of "creek" to rhyme with "Dick" is a western usage.

Numerous railroads have had their initials re-interpreted. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western (DL&W) was long notorious as "Delay, Linger, and Wait". After a long strike, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Rail Road had its "CB&QRR" re-interpreted as "Come Boys & Quit Rail Roding".

Jersey Flats #16 (Rogow): Congratulations on professional publication!

Much of the old fantasy literature, which obviously inspired Willow, would modernly be called "Feminist". Arthurian heroes receive their arms from the hands of women, Louhi fights the heroes of Kalevala to a draw, the wounded King Arthur is given into the care of his supposedly evil half-sister Queen Morgan, and Dame Brisen works strings upon which Sir Tristram and Queen Isolde dance.

Perdita and I also marked our 25th year together in August. Or, to be precise, we didn't mark it. Perdita doesn't care much for formal observations of birthdays, anniversaries, or Christmas.

The Lazy Song (Baker): Several months ago a member of the Brooklyn College Science Fiction Society tried to engage me in conversation on the topic of "meditation". I played dumb and asked her what

This is

O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
R This  
A Appears  
T To  
I Inflamm  
O Optic  
N Nerves

# 1522



she meant by "meditation". She started on the usual explanation. I replied: "Oh - you mean relaxation! Yes, I've always felt that relaxation was important!"

ANAKREON #39 (me): Of course, I was wrong in attributing that line to Yorick. Yorick could not very well have commented on Hamlet's trip to England because at the time the remark was made he had long been a skull in the Elsinore graveyard. The remark was uttered by the First Gravedigger, who does not know that he is speaking to Hamlet.

The trial of Lieutenant Criminal North has been safely put off until after the election. And it seems that the only question that now exists is, will he and his co-conspirators be pardoned as the last act of President Reagan, or as the first act of President Bush?

I understand that Harold Groot has asked how I found out about "Echoes on the Wind" if his contribution, Filkers Do It Till Dawn, didn't arrive in time for the 39th Mailing. The information about this new tape from Windbourne came in an earlier letter from him.

Not long after I printed ANAKREON #39, I got a phone call from Sam Moskowitz about various tunes to Robert A. Heinlein's "The Green Hills of Earth". (He had known about Pelz's tune to Heinlein's words, but not about the later tune composed by Bernstein.) I took the opportunity to ask him about "Thunder and Roses". He told me that Theodore Sturgeon had written both the music and the words to this song, which appeared in his story of that title in the November 1947 issue of Astounding Science Fiction. It is a professionally published song, and therefore is not a "Filksong" as the term is commonly understood.

Down and Out in Boston and Princeton #6 (Feld): You cite the Talmud's "He who quotes a thing in the name of he who said it brings redemption to the world." This ought to be followed by a malediction on those who take for themselves the credit of other people's words, or invent fraudulent quotations to the discredit of their alleged utterers. (For all I know, such a malediction exists; the scholars who wrote the Talmud didn't miss much.) I know of an entire book devoted to exposing fraudulent quotes attributed for purposes of political or religious malice. It is Morris Kominsky's The Hoaxers: Plain Liars, Fancy Liars, and Damned Liars (1970, Branden Press, Boston).

"Since Molacon has not responded to any of my correspondence..." Or, I've heard, to anyone else's either.

The conspiracy to keep Leslie Fish from smoking reminds me of the conspiracy, among her friends and admirers, to keep Marion Zimmer Bradley from over-exerting herself. At the first Darkover convention (which was held, of all places, at a YMHA in Borough Park!), Marion had just returned from England, where she'd been researching a book on the Bounty mutiny which, to the best of my knowledge, never got written.\* She looked in bad shape, and several young Darkover fans had made up a duty list among themselves, assuring that at least one of them was by her at all times, to slow her down if it looked as if she were in danger of over-exerting herself.

I agree with you about Japanese rearmament, and am glad to notice that in recent years, two cabinet members have been fired for claiming that Japan was fighting a defensive war in World War II. The title you want is "Cranes over Hiroshima".

The English translation of one of Tove Jansen's delightful children's books has one character saying to another, "Keep your pecker up!" An American translation would clearly have, "Be brave!"

\* - It was my understanding that Marion's book, like the most recent film about the Bounty mutiny, was going to try to "rehabilitate" the memory of poor, misunderstood Captain Bligh, the victim of a lot of chronically rebellious, undisciplined wharf rats. In actuality this was only the first of three mutinies faced by Bligh. Something was obviously grossly deficient in his abilities to handle men, and not just the result of an atypical set of unfortunate circumstances. But then, in the last 20 years or so, books have also been written trying to rehabilitate the reputations of Judge George Jeffries, the Empress Wu Jao, and Vidkun Qvisling. At this rate, we can expect a similar book soon about Qvisling's master.



## YESTERFILK

## XVII. Sister Jenny Throws Again

"It's Sister Jenny's Turn to Throw the Bomb" has been floating around left-wing groups for nearly 70 years. It seems to have begun, just after World War I, as a satire against the Red Hunt of that era, headed by President Wilson's Attorney General, Mitchell Palmer.\* Some flunky in Palmer's crusade apparently made a witless accusation against Slavic Anarchists who were making bombs in their garrets, and a leftist of the time created this satirical song about it.

"Sister Jenny" surfaced again under comparable conditions during the Red Hunt of the post-World-War-Two period. (There seems to be a law of politics that a war breeds revulsion against the institution of war, and so anti-war groups must be persecuted in a post-war period so that the idea doesn't spread.) It was then that I first heard the song, from Michael Girsdansky, a fellow-student at the University of Chicago. The version I recall hearing from him appears below. A truncated version appears in The Socialist Song Book, a mimeographed publication printed in 1959 by the Young People's Socialist League.

Some of the topical references in "It's Sister Jenny's Turn to Throw the Bomb" may be a bit dated. I suspect that Tempelhof was added in the late 1940s; it is the principal airport of Berlin and was much in the news due to the 1948-49 Berlin airlift. The song should be sung in a stage Slavic accent.

In an anarchistic garret, so meager and so mean,  
Sniff the pungent odor of nitroglycerine.  
They're busy making fuses, and filling kegs with nails,  
And the little Slavic children, set up these mournful wails.

CHORUS: It's Sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb.  
The last one it was thrown by Brother Tom.  
Mother's aim is bad, and the copskys all know Dad,  
So it's Sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb.

Her mother said, in accents meek and mild,  
"Be sure to wear your rubbers, my dear child!"  
"Dollink, mind your cough; go and blow up Tempelhof."  
It's sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb.

CHORUS:

They waited all the night and all the day.  
Then the little Slavic children set up this mournful lay:  
"Oh, it's Uncle Ivanovich's turn to throw the bomb."  
"The last one it was thrown by Brother Tom."  
"Mother's aim's still bad, and the copskys all know Dad,  
"So it's Uncle Ivanovich's turn to throw the bomb!"

Current flaps about some not precisely defined menace called "terrorism" has led to this reprint. Actually, the stereotype satirized in "Sister Jennie" bears no more relation to the reality than it did when the song was first written. The word "terrorist" seems incapable of an adequate definition - nor does it need one. We have always had a word to describe people who, at acknowledged risk to their own lives, use guns

\* - Palmer was a Quaker, sometimes called "the Fighting Quaker" or maybe "the Quaking Fighter". So were Herbert Hoover and Richard Nixon. An ancestor of mine, a Nieuw Amsterdam Puritan named Resolved Waldron, was a notorious persecutor of the Quakers. With those three examples, I don't feel so badly about his activities as I used to.



or bombs to replace the present control of a region with their own. We call them "soldiers".

"Sister Jenny" has herself been filked. The following verses appeared in 1959 in the second addition of The Bosses' Songbook, a satirical collection by Richard Ellington and Dave Van Ronk which is subtitled, in parody of the I. W. W. songbook, "Songs to Stifle the Flames of Discontent".

### Bomb Dirge

In a governmental office, so spotless and so clean,  
You can hear the wheels a-turning as your leaders think and dream.

Oh, they're making up a sanitary bomb, bomb, bomb.  
When they drop it, it won't cause quite so much harm.  
If the Air Corps' aim is bad, do not worry but feel glad  
That you'll die in peaceful antiseptic calm.

They are busy making drawings and cutting things to scale,  
So citizens have confidence - our leaders cannot fail.

### THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION (continued from p. 4)

We'll Be Ready for the BOMB

(Tune: "Comin' Round the Mountain")

We'll be ready for the BOMB when it comes (when it comes)  
We'll be ready for the BOMB when it comes.  
For we are the Pagan Nation, we believe in reincarnation;  
We'll be ready for the BOMB when it comes.

We'll be born on another planet when it comes (when it comes)  
We'll be born on another planet when it comes.  
For we are the Pagan Nation, we believe in reincarnation;  
We'll be born on another planet when it comes.

We will be a whole lot wiser when it comes (when it comes)  
We will be a whole lot wiser when it comes.  
For we are the Pagan Nation, we believe in reincarnation;  
We will be a whole lot wiser when it comes.

We will be a whole lot stronger when it comes (when it comes)  
We will be a whole lot stronger when it comes.  
For we are the Pagan Nation, we believe in reincarnation;  
We will be a whole lot stronger when it comes.

Then we'll travel back in time before it comes ('fore it comes)  
We will travel back in time before it comes.  
For we are the Pagan Nation; we'll take over civilization  
And we'll ban that friggin' BOMB before it comes!

And, finally, Mark Blackman reported in Singspiel #37 that at Hexacon someone set the words to the right to Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries". He also sang, to the well-known calypso tune, "Brunhilde, Brunhilde, Brunhilde she take my buddy and fly to Valhalla." These are supposed to have originated in the Markland Medieval Mercenary Militia, a Maryland Medievalist group.

"We fly through the night skies,  
Showing our white thighs,  
Picking up dead guys..."



## GRACELESS NOTES

The Good Coffeehouse has started its fall program of folksongs on the first and third Friday evenings of each month. The coffeehouse is located at the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, 53 Prospect Park West, in Brooklyn between 1st and 2nd Streets. The doors open at 8:45 and the show starts at 9:30. Admission is \$4.

This year's fall season led off with Mike Agranoff, who had a few new songs, and a new recitation. He has also just released a cassette tape, "Rocking the Boat", which is \$9 from him at RD4, Box 45, Oak Hills, Boonton, N. J. 07005. The tape includes his best-known recitation, "Jake and 10-Ton Molly", as well as "The Battle of Trenton", "My Favorite Diseases", and other good stuff.

On 18 November two local fannish favorites will be performing at the Good Coffeehouse: Kenny and Tzipora. Their repertory includes "original and traditional folk music in Celtic, Gypsy, Hebrew and other styles". They are, like many of ANAKREON's readers, Pagans, and use to run a small shop on the East Side where various books and gear for the Craft were on sale.

The 2 December performance will be by Gravity's Rainbow, another local favorite among s-f fans and Pagans. On 16 December Dennis Dougherty will be at the coffeehouse; he "sings of the down-trodden in a very personal country-folk style."

The next season at the Good Coffeehouse begins on 6 January. To get your name on the mailing list, telephone 718-768-2972 on Fridays after 8 PM.

\*

Margaret Middleton and Jordin Kare are back on the APA-Filk mailing list. Jordin reports that his new address is 1806 Harms Drive, Pleasanton, Calif. 94566. He will have a yet newer address in the spring.

\*

Along with his Neo-Pagan filksongs, Rus Gulevitch asks what is all the fuss about Dan Quayle, when "our very first national anthem was about a similar fellow. Remember the last two verses?" He then quotes from the original version of "Yankee Doodle", one which usually gets carefully expurgated before being presented to the kiddies in school song-books:

The troopers then would gallop up  
And fire right in our faces.  
It scared me almost half to death  
To see them run such races.

It scared me so I bolted off  
Nor stopped as I remember,  
Nor turned about till I got home  
Safe in my mistress' chamber.

The tune had come over from London, where it originally satirized the rivalry between two high-society bimbos, as "Lucy Locket lost her pocket, Kitty Fisher found it." The original "Yankee Doodle" seems to have been written by a Dr. Richard Shuckburgh, as a satire against the unprepared and undisciplined colonial troops mustered in 1775. The original song gives such a soldier's first impressions of the camp. Many of the verses have been cleaned up so that they don't lead young Americans to question the virtues of patriotism. Below are the original and the altered versions of the description of the army's commander:

And there was Captain Washington  
With rich folks all about him.  
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud  
He will not ride without 'em.

And there was General Washington  
Upon a strapping stallion  
And all the men and boys around  
I guess there was a million.

The former is more likely to be the accurate description of the poor New England farm boy's feelings. A Virginia aristocrat who was one of the richest men in the colonies could not have been all that welcome, at first, to New England's farmers and artisans with their more democratic tradition. The culture shock was reciprocated. You can image how General Washington felt when he saw that some troops of his new command were free black men with muskets!

Still, I am not as repelled by J. Danforth Quayle III as a lot of people seem to be. A man who was 21 in 1968, and kept his ass out of Vietnam, is deserving of our



respect. Would people like him better if he had spent the last 20 years at the bottom of the Mekong River? We have heard a lot in this campaign about "Hawks", "Doves", "Eagles", "Chickens", "Quails", and other birds. I suggest that yet another bird is involved in the opposition to Quayle - a bird that prefers the dead to the living.

And, if there were a lot of men who couldn't count on their rich daddies' influence to keep them out of Vietnam - well, you don't need a rich daddy to buy a bus ticket to Canada.

\*

The troubles of world heavyweight champion Mike Tyson and his highly estranged and allegedly battered wife Robin Givens have been filked by one Dave Kolin of New York City. "Ruth and Robin", to the tune of "Rockin' Robin", first appeared in KKBQ-FM in Houston on 19 October 1988, and can be heard here on "Z100-FM". "Ruth" is Robin Givens' mother, and it is alleged that the two of them are trying to take the boxer for a bundle in a divorce settlement:

She married Mike Tyson a short time ago  
But there are some things Mike did not know  
How did it happen and how did he feel  
When mother-in-law came with the deal?

CHORUS: Ruth and Robin; Ruth, Ruth, Ruth;  
Ruth and Robin, Ruth, Ruth, Ruth  
'Lo Ruth and Robin how much you gonna  
get from Mike?

They had enough, she filed for divorce  
But now she wants him back, of course  
'Cause Mike's money's safe, the way it'll  
stay  
He's got assets far away.

CHORUS:

Robin wants to hear the case in L. A.  
Mike says New Jersey is where it'll stay  
For eight months she's been his beloved  
spouse  
If they split in L. A. she gets half of  
the house.

(Newsday, 23 October 1988)

CHORUS:

\*

Greg Baker writes that he, his wife Sharron, and Roberta Rogow have taped "The Trek Goes On" over the last weekend of September. The price of the tape is \$8, and Roberta will sell it through Other World Books.

\*

In Newsday of 20 September appeared a long and informative interview with Pete Seeger, who at 69 is still "lean of hip, quick of mind, pleased with his latest cholesterol count...and spirited in conversation as well as demeanor." It seems that as Newsday reported Fred Bruning was visiting him, another folk legend, Izzy Young, was there doing a documentary for a TV crew from Sweden, where he now lives. Bruning collected Seeger's views on everything from the Tawana Brawley case to the 1949 Peekskill riots, when a group of people who can only be described as Fascists **tried to break up** a concert by Seeger, Paul Robeson, Lee Hays, and others. Now a play honoring Robeson's career is running to large audiences on Broadway, Martin Luther King's birthday is a national holiday, and no American President would dare to fight a war lasting more than 24 hours. If "their" side wins elections, "our" side wins history.

Seeger plans to vote, with no obvious enthusiasm, for Dukakis. "He declines comment on George Bush and says the flap over Dan Quayle and the National Guard is simply 'hilarious' and then drifts easily into a Vietnam reverie, back to the days when he was singing 'Waist Deep in the Big Muddy' and other songs of protest."

\*

Our unsingable national anthem has drawn yet more comment in the press. In his Newsday column of 22 September 1988, Jimmy Breslin observed that "'The Star-Spangled Banner' was the only song Francis Scott Key ever wrote and while it is a shame his mother ever paid for music lessons, there you are, it is ours and, like proper usage of the flag, it is supposed to create a moment of beauty and inspiration, not a nuisance, as at football or baseball events with crowds cheering halfway through to get



it over with." Breslin went on to tell of a fight where Jake La Motta sang the national anthem with particular feror, and then lose the fight on purpose. (Personally, I think that Mike Dukakis is about to do the same thing. If he isn't being set up to take a dive so that George Bush will get blamed for the upcoming depression, then there is no explanation at all for the inept campaign he's been running.) Breslin concludes the column by observing that "in glorious New York State we now are down by a million registered voters from 1984."

Ann Landers printed all the words to the national anthem, getting thanks from some readers who hadn't known them. One reader, in her column of 26 September, said that "'The Star-Spangled Banner' should never have been designated as our national anthem. Very few people have the voice range to handle it. It's an octave and a fifth. We should ditch that dog and go for 'America the Beautiful.'" Ann agreed; "Somehow 'amber waves of grain' and purple mountain's majesty' sound more like the country I love than 'the rockets' red glare' and 'bombs bursting in air.'"

But in her sister Abby's column of 25 September a reader says, "All I feel when I hear 'America the Beautiful; is a sense of disappointment because our country doesn't match the words," since pollution and farm bankruptcies have come on the scene. The reader concludes, "We should not consider changing it to 'America the Beautiful' until we clean up our act and live up to the words of the song." Significantly, this reader signs "Don't Use My Name."

An Ann Landers reader in his or her sixties complains that no respect is accorded the national anthem, compared to days when "we stood at attention when the national anthem was played." But "today nobody pays the least bit of attention. They keep right on jabbering away, chewing gum, smoking cigarettes, and drinking beer. It's a damned disgrace." To this the sufficient answer is that if the flag, the national anthem, and the other conventional symbols of patriotism are invoked to support evil causes like the war against Vietnam, or evil men like Richard Nixon or Oliver North, such acts will not make the causes or men more respected, but will make the flag and the national anthem less respected.

Another Ann Landers reader comes more to the point by observing that "during World War II a British wit noted that American soldiers could barely stumble through the first few lines of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' but they knew all the words to 'Pistol Packin' Mama'.\* I didn't consider that an insult because 'Pistol Packin' Mama' is a much better song."

On 7 August 1988, Parade magazine, which is a Sunday supplement to newspapers across the nation, announced a poll between "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "America the Beautiful". If results have ever been printed, I must have missed them.

Of course, "The Star-Spangled Banner" has its uses. For several years, Dan Rather has been a target of conservatives who resent that he does not give complete, unqualified approval to everything said or done by the President of the United States of America. On 30 August 1988, a cranky batch of would-be censors called "Accuracy in Media" put an ad on the front page of the New York Times, listing Rather's direct line at CBS and suggesting that people complain to him about a recent documentary he produced on Vietnam veterans. ("The message claimed the program unfairly portrayed the average vet as mentally troubled," says Newsday of 31 August, without bothering to explain that this is perfectly accurate.)

Alas for the enraged AIM flacks; the number listed in the ad put them in touch, not with Dan Rather in his private office, but with a recording of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and they were unable even to leave a message!

A possible compromise is suggested by an editorial in the New York Daily News of 4 January 1988. While we already have a "National Anthem", the Daily News suggested that John Philip Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever" be made our "National March". To emphasize this, they printed the words and music in the editorial. At this rate, we may soon be emulating the state of Massachusetts, which has not only a "State Song" but also a "State Folk Song".

\* - "Pistol Packin' Mama" was a popular song of the 1940s, sung in the first person by a two-timin' man who was accosted one night in a cabaret by a woman he was stepping out on, and who was backing up her objections to his conduct with a pistol.



\*

The New York Times of 21 January 1988 reported that Port Arthur, Texas has joined the ranks of John Steinbeck's Monterey and Bob Dylan's Hibbing by honoring a native who was once scorned. Port Arthur was where Janis Joplin was born in 1943, and during her lifetime she was regarded as a low-life junkie and subversive singer whom they were glad to see leave town. But on her 45th birthday, 17 years after her death of a heroin overdose, a statue of Janis Joplin was dedicated by elected officials and Chamber of Commerce members, who hope that "the sculpture and mementos of her career and that of other local musicians ranging from the Big Bopper to Johnny Winter will become the heart of...a major tourist attraction."

"Seven towns now claim great Homer dead,

"Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

\*

Jack W. Chaikin, in a letter to the New York Times of 29 July 1986, compared the \$154,000,000 that the Reagan administration spends on military bands, with the \$144,000,000 being spent by the U. S. government on the National Endowment for the Arts. He concludes: "I wonder: did...anyone...ever find out what our military bands managed to do with all those millions? I never did."

\*

Filking is alive and well on the campus of the University of Wisconsin. The New York Times of 8 November 1987 reported that John Jarvis, a member of the university's Board of Regents, is regarded by students as "insensitive to racial problems on the campuses" and they feared he would support tuition increases. And so, to the tune of "Like a Virgin", came out "Like a Regent".

\*

Lee Burwasser has sent along the music to "Eskimo Nell", but for a variant version that has borrowed some lines from the equally classic and equally raunchy "Lehigh Valley". They are from Jerry Silverman's The Dirty Song Book.

\*

Baylor University is a Baptist institution in Texas with a long history of infringements on academic and personal freedoms. In August they added to it by cancelling a Willie Nelson concert at Baylor's Events Center. It seems that police lobbying groups have objected to a Nelson benefit concert that year for an Indian who was convicted of killing a federal officer. The concert was moved to an auditorium owned by the county in which Waco is located. (Waco, as an added irony, is Nelson's home town.) The concert is a benefit for residents of Leroy, Texas, who are among the increasing number of victims of Texas bank failures.

ANAKREON #40

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FIRST CLASS MAIL



## A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION

Summer, being the time of year when the school book business is at its busiest and the time of year when National Guard units usually go to annual training, is my least productive season. I don't get much time to write letters, let alone articles, novels, APA contributions, and songs. Therefore, Momus' Phiz this month will be short.

The group to which I belong, A Parcel of Rogues, was scheduled to play at Empiricon as the opening act to the Bermuda Triangle Band. Unfortunately, Empiricon fell through and the gig was cancelled. Since then, we've been playing at the Speakeasy on Open Mike Nights every Monday. A Speakeasy flyer is included in this collation. It may be out-of-date by the time you get it, but you ought to get the idea.

A SONG FOR STS-19 by Gregory Baker  
(To the tune of "Will Ye No Come Back Again?")


Center engine's gone awa',  
We can't land in Crete or Spain,  
Many a skull will bust in twa,  
Should it no start up again.

Will it no start up again?  
Will it no start up again?  
Needed more it canna be,  
Will it no start up again?

Three weeks wasted on the pad,  
Engineers, in haste repair,  
Now the engine's turning bad,  
We won't make it anywhere.

Will it no start up again?...

*Delendro est Carthago!* *Ceres*

Momus' Phiz   
from Gregory Baker  
4103 Ft Hamilton Pkwy.  
Brooklyn, New York 11219-1207

- August, 1973

Many a canny engineer  
Labored hard in Rockwell's cause,  
How I wish that they were here,  
We can't counter Nature's laws.  
Will it no start up again?...

We'll perform the mission yet,  
Though our orbit's very low,  
And when we return to Earth,  
We'll tell Rockwell where to go!

Will it no start up again?  
Will it no start up again?  
Needed more it canna be,  
Will it no start up again?

## ÉCLAT!

To the tune le "Le Marseillaise"

Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Il faut tuer l'enviroment.  
Avec notres bombes atomiques  
En mis de la pacifique,  
En mis de la pacifique,  
Ecoutez-vous vers Nouvelle-Zealand,  
Les voix des enviromentalistes,  
Que disent, Nous arriverons  
Avec le vaisseau Rainbow Warrior!"

Coulez le vaisseau!  
Coulez l'enviroment!  
Éclat! Éclat!  
Jusqu'a l'air impur  
Ébrouillant le monde!

With no apologies to anyone for this one...  
why is it that the Socialist governments  
are always the ones who pull the really  
dirty tricks and get away with it? (Answer:  
Because they don't have the Socialist party  
delegates screaming about it in parliament,  
that's why!)



